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REHEARSAL SCRIPT

"CALLAN"

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"HEIR APPARENT"

by

HUGH D'ALLENGER

VTR/ABC/7627

DESIGNED BY

PETER LE PAGE

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER

JOHN KERSHAW

PRODUCER

REGINALD COLLIN

DIRECTED BY

PETER DUGUID

Floor Manager	DENVER THORNTON	Wardrobe Supervisor	GILLIAN GRIMES
Stage Manager	DAPHNE LUCAS	Make-Up Supervisor	CAROLE BRIGHT
P.A.	PADDY DEWEY	Graphic Designer	IAN KESTLE

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CAST

HUNTER
MERES
CALLAN
SIR MICHAEL HARVEY
JENKINS
HARVEY'S SECRETARY
HUNTER'S SECRETARY
FRONTIER GUARDS (MOSTLY NON-SPEAKING)
FORESTRY MAN.

SETS

CALLAN'S FLAT
HARVEY'S OFFICE
HUNTER'S OFFICE
RAILWAY COMPARTMENT (INTERIOR)
GERMAN CAFE/BAR
BUNKER

FILM

CEMETERY
MINEFIELD, ETC.

TELECINE (1)

EXT. CEMETERY. DAY.

A SMALL CROWD BY THE GRAVESIDE. IT INCLUDES CALLAN AND MERES.
AT A CERTAIN MOMENT A TAXI DOOR IS HEARD TO SLAM AT THE ROAD DOWN BY THE CEMETERY GATES. IT IS QUITE SOME WAY OFF. MERES TURNS AT THE SOUND, SEES LIZ, THE SECRETARY, PAYING THE TAXI OFF. HE NUDGES CALLAN WHO ALSO TURNS TO LOOK. LIZ BEGINS THE LONG WALK TOWARDS THEM. CALLAN AND MERES TURN BACK TO THE RITUAL WHICH HAS JUST ENDED WITH THE WIDOW MOVING FORWARD AND THROWING A LITTLE EARTH INTO THE GRAVE. SHE IS THEN ESCORTED AWAY AS THE CROWD DISPERSES.

CALLAN AND MERES GO TOWARDS LIZ. BUT LIZ GOES TOWARDS THE WIDOW AND SAYS SOMETHING TO HER AS SHE IS ABOUT TO GET INTO HER CAR. THEN SHE COMES ON AGAIN, TO CALLAN AND MERES.

CALLAN: She looks good Liz, don't she?

MERES: Hardly the place, old boy, for that kind of remark.

CALLAN: All the same, she does.

LIZ APPROACHES.

SECRETARY: I'm sorry.

CALLAN: Didn't expect you'd really turn up, anyway.

SECRETARY : There was a message for you.

CALLAN: Me?

SECRETARY: Sir Michael Harvey's Secretary rang. He wants to see you both at the Foreign Office this afternoon, 4.30.

CALLAN: Harvey?

MEPES: Deputy Under Secretary. That's him. In the Homburg.

MERES INDICATES A TALL, MIDDLE-AGED MAN GETTING INTO A CHAUFFEUR DRIVEN CAR BY THE GATES.

CALLAN: Couldn't he have told us himself!

MERES: Dear oh dear! You really haven't any sense of what's what. Have you!

1. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT, DAY.

LIZ IS SITTING. MERES STANDING. CALLAN HANDS OUT MUGS OF COFFEE.

CALLAN: I still think he could've left it today.

MERES: Hunters come and go, old boy. We go on for ever. Someone's got to fill the seat.

CALLAN: If that's what it's all about.

MERES: What else?

CALLAN SHRUGS AND PUTS SUGAR BASIN ON TABLE.

CALLAN: Help yourselves.

HE SITS. MERES PASSES THE BASIN TO LIZ.

SECRETARY: Thank you.

PAUSE.

CALLAN: That's another good reason for not being married.

MERES LOOKS AT HIM, QUESTIONINGLY.

Did you look at her, Toby?

MERES LOOKS AT LIZ THEN CALLAN AGAIN.

Did you see her face?

SECRETARY: Mrs. Hunter?

CALLAN: How old was he? Fifty? Good for another thirty years by the look of him. Smart. Nice home, I bet. Couple of kids.

LIZ SEES CALLAN'S COLLECTION OF SOLDIERS. SHE GETS UP.

MERES: It's par for the course, old boy.

CALLAN: Par for the course! You make me sick with your stupid platitudes. Par for the....It could have been either of us, you know that, Toby? Either of us.

LIZ PICKS A SOLDIER UP.

MERES: Well it wasn't, was it?

CALLAN: I never even knew the poor bastard's real name until this morning.

HE GETS UP, RESTLESSLY. LIZ TRIES TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT.

LIZ: Isn't it lovely.

CALLAN LOOKS AT HER

Where did you get them? They're beautiful!

CALLAN HESITATES - ALMOST SHY.

CALLAN: I make them.

MERES: You'd never think he had it in him, would you?

CALLAN: Belt up Toby. I'm dead serious.

MERES: Sorry, old boy. But I don't see any point in getting maudlin.

CALLAN: And I don't see any point in going on, week after week, year after year, living like this.

PAUSE.

SECRETARY: I'd better go.

SHE GETS UP. NO ONE TAKES ANY NOTICE.

I said I'd only be an hour.

SHE GOES TOWARDS THE DOOR.

See you later.

CALLAN: Yeah!

SHE GOES.

MERES SITS. PUTS HIS MUG ON THE TABLE.

MERES: You thought he was an idiot anyway.

CALLAN: He was bloody unorthodox. Yes. That didn't make him an idiot. And it didn't give any of us the right to widow that wife of his.

MERES: Look David. Hunter got shot. Okay. So have a score of others in the last year or so. We didn't. Right!

THEY HOLD A LONG EXCHANGE.

That's what it's like. You know that. You knew it the first time you ever went out on a job.

CALLAN TURNS AWAY.

CALLAN: Yeah,

MERES: Yes.

PAUSE.

So. What's so special about this lot?

PAUSE

MERES MOVES TOWARDS THE DOOR.

MERES: (CONTD) Coming?

CALLAN: Later.

MERES: Up to you.

HE WAITS.

CALLAN: I said later.

MERES: Come on . I'l buy you a drink.

CALLAN: Half-past four, wasn't it!

MERES: 4.30. Foreign Office.

HE GOES.

2. INT. HARVEY'S OFFICE. DAY.

SPACIOUS FOREIGN-OFFICE ROOM OVERLOOKING WHITEHALL. DEEP CURTAINED WINDOWS. FIRE-PLACE. LARGE LEATHER-TOPPED DESK ETC.

HARVEY GETS UP AS THEY ENTER.

SECRETARY: Mr. Callan and Mr. Meres, sir.

THEY MOVE FORWARD INTO THE ROOM AS HARVEY COMES ROUND THE DESK TO SHAKE HANDS. THE SECRETARY GOES, CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND HER.

HARVEY: Good afternoon, gentlemen, Do sit down.We haven't met, have we? My name's Harvey.

MERES: (SHAKING HANDS) Good afternoon, sir.

CALLAN: (SHAKING HANDS) Good afternoon.

THEY SIT. HE OFFERS THEM CIGARETTES FROM BOX ON DESK. THEY BOTH DECLINE. HE THEN MOVES BACK TO SIT AGAIN.

HARVEY: We've got ourselves in a spot of bother over this unfortuntate business.

CALLAN AND MERES GAZE AT HIM. THEY HAVE NOTHING TO SAY.

HARVEY: He was a good man. Hunter. I knew him fairly well at one time. Quite a good painter, you know.

MERES: No sir. I didn't.

HARVEY: Ah!

PAUSE.

Did a portrait of one of my children. Five or six years ago. Very good likeness.

MERES SMILES BRIEFLY. CALLAN STARES.

PAUSE.

Pity he had to be left alone, wasn't it?

HARVEY LOOKS FROM ONE TO THE OTHER.

CALLAN: He wasn't alone. Sir.

HARVEY: Not strictly, of course. But that other chap, what was his name....? Not very experienced, I believe.
PAUSE.

Don't you agree?

CALLAN: We have had the enquiry. Sir.

HARVEY: Oh yes, yes. Of course. Please don't musunderstand me. It's simply that, naturally enough, the Minister is rather disturbed by the whole thing.

CALLAN: Oh is he sir? We quite enjoyed it.

HARVEY GLARES AT HIM A MOMENT. MERES SMIRKS.

PAUSE.

HARVEY: The Foreign Secretary is anxious to get you a new Hunter as soon as possible but there's no apparent heir. As you well know, he doesn't like being rushed into decisions.

MERES: Yes sir. We do know that.

HARVEY:(SMILING) I was promised a car allowance two years ago, and it still hasn't happened.

CALLAN: (QUIETLY) Oh bad luck, sir.

HARVEY LEANS FORWARD, PRESSES A KEY, AND SPEAKS INTO AN INERCOM UNIT.

HARVEY: Will you bring in the 'Hunter. JR file', please. And the movement order.

HE RELEASES THE KEY.

What we're doing, gentlemen, is to make a temporary appointment. It may turn out to be the right choice, in whcih case of course, the chap'll stay on. But we'll have to see. Incidentally, Callan.

HE LOOKS AT MERES WHO SMILES, TOWARD CALLAN, HARVEY ADJUSTS HIS EYELINE.

he's a chap I think you probably know.

CALLAN: Yes sir?

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR AND THE SECRETARY ENTERS WITH A FILE, MAP, AND 'PAPERS. SHE PUTS THEM ON HARVEY'S DESK AND GOES AGAIN.

HARVEY: I gather you trained together (CALLAN FROWNS) Ramsay.

MERES LOOKS AT CALLAN.

CALLAN: John Ramsay, sir?

HARVEY: That's the man.

CALLAN RAISES HIS EYEBROWN BUT SAYS NOTHING.

CALLAN: Isn't he in East Germany?

HARVEY: At the moment, yes. We want the two of you to go over and bring him back.

MERES: Behind the Curtain, sir?

HARVEY: No, no. Not quite. Just collect him at the frantier and stay with him. Fairly routine.

HARVEY OPENS THE MAP AND SPREADS IT ON HIS DESK. HE GESTURES TO CALLAN AND MERES THAT THEY SHOULD JOIN HIM.

HARVEY: Gentlemen.
MERES GETS UP AND GOES TO THE DESK. CALLAN STAYS WHERE HE IS.

CALLAN: I'm not quite clear sir.

HARVEY STARES AT HIM.

HARVEY: Clear?

CALLAN: Why we need to go across.
You may not be very familiar, sir, with our work, but you must know that every move we make is noted. It we go into Europe we're asking for trouble.

HARVEY: The official view is that, provided we play this very carefully, no one will really know what's going on - which is why we want you two particularly to carry out the operation. And secondly, Ramsay may need a certain amount of protection on the journey - and help across the frontier.

CALLAN: Why can't he come out, sir? Through normal channels.

HARVEY: I haven't in fact, said he can't Callan.

CALLAN SMILES.

But of course, you're quite right. It isn't possible at the moment. As you know, Ramsay's been running the East German section from Leipzig, under cover of a small business. He has East German papers only. We need him now. There just isn't time to get exit visas and so on, to him; and he obviously can't make the necessary applications himself.

CALLAN: Why not, sir?

HARVEY: He'd have to have a better reason than a dead grandmother, Callan, if they were going to let him out. (SMILES) And I'm afraid we've rather over-played that one. He can only come out illegally.

CALLAN: Thank you, sir. That's all I wanted to know.

HARVEY: I hope you don't think we'd send you on a mission like this, just for the sake of it!

CALLAN GETS UP AND GOES TO THE DESK.

HE SEARCHES THE MAP AND PINPOINTS A PLACE EAST OF HOF ON THE EAST GERMAN FRONTIER NOT FAR FROM THE CZECH FRONTIER.

Ramsay makes regular trips by train from Leipzig to Pilzen. At this point the train runs within half a mile of the frontier, through a pine forest. He's going to jump it. Apparently, just here, there is a clearing. The only thing between the track and freedom is a stretch of waste-land, two hundred yards wide.

MERES: No wire, sir?

HARVEY: No wire, Meres.

HE LOOKS UP. THEN SAYS, AS A MATTER OF FACT:

Just a minefield.

3. HUNTER'S OFFICE. LATE AFTERNOON.

THE SECRETARY IS CATCHING UP ON HER FILING IN THE MAIN OFFICE. THE PHONE RINGS. SHE GOES TO ANSWER IT, HER BACK TO THE DOOR.

SECRETARY: Yes?....They're not here at the moment.

THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR AND AN ARMY CAPTAIN, JENKINS, BREEZES IN. HE IS IN HIS LATE THIRTIES, WITH LITTLE FURTHER CHANCE OF PROMOTION, HIS ONLY REAL COMPETENCE BEING IN MINES AND BOMB DISPOSAL. HE IS A LITTLE ILL AT EASE IN THIS SITUATION. HE STOPS AS THE SECRETARY TURNS TO SEE WHO IT IS, AND WAITS, RATHER FORMALLY, TO BE INVITED IN. THE SECRETARY CONTINUES HER CONVERSATION.

....at the Foreign Office...Yes....I've no idea....Yes I will. As soon as I see them.

SHE PUTS THE PHONE DOWN.

JENKINS: Miss March? Good afternoon. You were'nt in your office. I'm looking for Meres and Callan.

SECRETARY: They're not here, sir. Can I help?

JENKINS: Jenkins. War Office. I'm here to talk to them about some minefield.

SECRETARY: Are they expecting you?

JENKINS: I should hope so.

SECRETARY: Well I don't really expect them back tonight. They're at the Foreign Office.

JENKINS: I'll wait, if you don't mind. They'll be back.

4. INT. HARVEY'S OFFICE. LATE AFTERNOON.

HARVEY, CALLAN AND MERES STILL AT THE DESK. STUDYING THE MAP.

HARVEY: There are regular patrols (POINTING TO THE TRACK) once an hour. But they're obvious and motorised. There shouldn't be any problem. Ramsay will hide-out here. (POINTING TO BUNKER) It's a dis-used bunker. There shouldn't be any trouble.

MERES: Unless he blows himself up, sir.

HARVEY: Jenkins will explain all that to you. If you mark the field out properly, he should be okay.

THEY ALL LOOK AGAIN AT THE MAP. HARVEY STRAIGHTENS. SMILES. PACKS THE FILE AND MAP INTO A BRIEF-CASE. HANDS IT TO MERES.

Good luck gentlemen. I'm sorry if the route sounds complicated but again, well....

JALLAN: You haven't yet told us when, sir.

HARVEY: Ah!

HE LOOKS FROM MAN TO MAN.

HARVEY: (CONTD) There'll be a car collecting you from your office, tonight. Nine o'clock. Just get all you can out of Jenkins.

HE SHAKES HANDS WITH BOTH OF THEM. THEY GO. HE BUZZES HIS SECRETARY.

Anything else today? If not, I'm going home.

5. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. EARLY EVENING.

CAPTAIN JENKINS HAS NOW HUNG A CHART OF A MINEFIELD OVER THE MONITORS. THE SECRETARY IS STILL FILING. MERES ENTERS. LOOKS AT JENKINS.

SECRETARY: This is Captain Jenkins, Mr. Meres.

MERES: Jenkins. Good. I'm glad you're here.

THEY SHAKE HANDS.

SECRETARY: And Travel Office want you to ring them as soon as you can, sir. Please.

MERES: Get them will you. It'll simply be about tickets, hotels &things like that. We're going out tonight. If there's nothing elaborate deal with it will you. But make sure it's correct.

HE GIVES HER THE FILE FROM HIS BRIEFCASE.

MERES: (CONTD) It's all detailed here.

SHE TAKES THE FILE AND GOES. MERES TURNS TO JENKINS.

Right,now what's all this?

JENKINS: I thought there were two of you.

MERES: Mr. Callan'll be here in a minute. Just popped home to see his poor old mum. She worries when he has to go off, suddenly.

JENKINS: (QUITE SERIOUSLY) Yes. Of course.

PAUSE.

Shall we wait?

MERES: Let's make a start. We can always go over it again.

JENKINS: (TURNING TO CHART) Well, it's all pretty straightforward. Conventional mines. Old stuff mostly. Half of them have probably gone sour, by now.

MERES: Sour?

JENKINS: Harmless. It happens you know, if you don't look after them.

MERES: Does it?

JENKINS: Now this is a fairly accurate chart taken from stolen information.

MERES: Fairly accurate?

JENKINS: There might be a marginal deviation; nothing to worry about. If you work to the landmarks you could work a path across quite safely in, I would say, two hours at the most.

CALLAN ENTERS IN HIS USUAL HASTE. MERES AND JENKINS TURN.

MERES: Callan - Captain Jenkins, our minefield expert.

CALLAN LOOKS AT THE CHART

CALLAN: This it, then?

MERES: Apparently there's nothing to it, old boy. We just stroll across, making allowances here and there for

HE LOOKS AT JENKINS

"marginal deviations". They're probably all harmless, anyway.

JENKINS LAUGHS

JENKINS: That's not quite what I said.

CALLAN TO MERES.

CALLAN: What about travel?

MERES: It's all arranged old boy. Calm down. Everyone's been very busy behind our backs working it all out so that we shall have a nice cosy ride; with nothing to worry about.

CALLAN: Yeah! (TO JENKINS ABOUT THE CHART) Have you got a smaller copy? We can't carry this great thing about.

JENKINS: Yes. Of course.

HE EXTRACTS A SMALL COPY FROM HIS PAPERS AND HANDS IT TO CALLAN.

CALLAN: Right. That's it then. Thanks.

JENKINS: I haven't actually been through....

CALLAN: That's all right, mate. What are they, acoustic mainly?

JENKINS: Most of them, yes. Russian. Novo Tours.

CALLAN: Yeah! Well, I know all about them, don't I? What about this chart?

JENKINS: The simplest way across is diagonally, here. Take these two trees. Not the third, the fourth. The only real problem is here, where you need a ten degree shift to the right, for five yards. And again here, it corrects itself. Otherwise it's all pretty straightforward. If you mark your path with the discs we supply you'll find it easier. They're luminous.

CALLAN: What's that?

JENKINS: The limit of the field. It's three hundred yards west of here.

CALLAN: Then what happens?

JENKINS: Electrified wire. Much more difficult.

CALLAN POINTS TO MAP AND LOOKS QUESTIONINGLY

JENKINS: Forestry tower. Fire-watching. Hardly ever used, now.

CALLAN: What's the ground? Even, or what?

JENKINS: Even, I should think.

CALLAN: Think mate? Think. I've got to know; remember! I'm supposed to be crossing the bloody thing.

JENKINS: (CROSSLY) I was going on to say, Mr. Callan, that I don't think you need to worry. It is a totally unmanned stretch of frontier, now. Has been for six months. Your only problem, apart from the mines, is the patrol. You've got information on that, I imagine.

MERES: (TO CALLAN) Yes. In the file. Once an hour.

JENKINS: Which is precisely why this stretch was chosen. It really is the safest, easiest area.

CALLAN: And how long to cross?

JENKINS: A couple of hours.

CALLAN: Oh! That's good isn't it? Great! A patrol once an hour and two hours to cross.

JENKINS: There's plenty of cover, Mr. Callan. It's Scrubland. Just lie low, you'll be fine!

CALLAN: Yeah! Well! We'll see about that, won't we? Now why don't you just leave this with us and go and have a cuppa tea.

HE BEGINS TO BUNDLE JENKINS OUT.

JENKINS: If you think....

CALLAN: We can all read maps, mate.

JENKINS GOES.

MERES: Quite the little gentleman, aren't we?

CALLAN: Bloody Ramsay!

MERES: Hunter, old boy. Hunter from now on. Want a drink?

MERES GOES TO ANTE-ROOM.

CALLAN: (LOOKING AT MAP) Eh?

MERES: If we're going on our hols we might as well make the most of it.

CALLAN: Yeah. All right. Scotch.

MERES: If this joker's anything like the last, it's goodbye perks, anyway.

CALLAN IS NOW STUDYING THE MAP AGAIN.

CALLAN: He was all right.

MERES RETURNS TO THE DESK WITH DRINKS. IN PEERING AT MAP HE ACCIDENTALLY SPILLS CALLAN'S GLASS OVER THE MAP.

MERES PUTS CALLAN'S GLASS DOWN CAREFULLY BUT IGNORES THE REMARK. FOR THE MOMENT.

MERES: How well do you know him?

CALLAN: Ramsay?

MERES: Yes.

CALLAN: How well do you think I bloody knew him? Listen. When Harvey said we trained together what he meant was John-Public-School-Ramsay trained with me for six months to give him some expereince in the field. He didn't really need to, mind you. He'd get the plum job anyway. But he thought it'd be rather fun.

MERES: Was it? (SMILING)

CALLAN: Oh belt up.

MERES: You're a pain.

CALLAN TURNS ON THIS . PERHAPS SURPRISED.

CALLAN STARES AT HIM

CALLAN: What are you on about?

MERES: I'm on about bloody you.

PAUSE

CALLAN: Well you know what you can do, don't you?

THE SECRETARY COMES IN WITH TICKETS, ETC. SHE LOOKS AT THEM.

SECRETARY: Your car's here.

THEY COLLECT THE PAPERS, MAPS, ETC. AND GO LEAVING LIZ LOOKING AFTER THEM, IN SILENCE.

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

6. INT. TRANS CONTINENTAL RAILWAY TRAIN COMPARTMENT. NIGHT.

ONLY CALLAN AND MERES IN THE COMPARTMENT. BOTH ARE STRETCHED OUT, ASLEEP. THE TRAIN IS HEARD COMING TO A HALT. THE FEW PASSING LIGHTS OUTSIDE STOP MOVING. SUDDENLY EVERYTHING IS VERY STILL WITH ONLY THE OCCASIONAL DISTANT DOOR SLAM. IT IS FOUR-THIRTY IN THE MORNING AND QUITE DARK. ABOUT THE WHOLE ATMOSPHERE THERE IS THE COLD STILL-NESS OF A FRONTIER STOP IN THE MOUNTAINS, AND IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT.
CALLAN STIRS, SITS UP. PEERS THROUGH THE STEAMY WINDOW.
THE COMPARTMENT DOOR SLIDES OPEN, ALLOWING A STRONGER BEAM OF LIGHT IN FROM THE CORRDIOR. A FRONTIER GUARD ENTERS.

GUARD: Passaporto!

CALLAN LOOKS AT HIM THEN FEELS IN HIS COAT POCKET FOR HIS PASSPORT. HE NUDGES MERES AWAKE. HE GIVES THE PASSPORT TO THE GUARD, MERES FINDS HIS AND HANDS IT OVER. THE GUARD LOOKS AT THEM BOTH. THEN GIVES THE PASSPORTS BACK AGAIN AND LEAVES, SLIDING THE DOOR CLOSED AGAIN.

MERES: Where are we?

CALLAN: Domodossola.

MERES: Where?

CALLAN: Italian frontier.

MERES SITS BACK THEN, A MOMENT LATER, STANDS TO STRETCH. CALLAN GETS HIS MAP OUT TO STUDY YET AGAIN, SWITCHING ON THE LITTLE READING LAMP OVER HIS HEAD TO DO SO.

MERES: Quite the Grand Tour, isn't it?

CALLAN: We'd be stupid to do it any other way.

MERES: Ten hours from Paris. Another ten to Salzburg. And that's only the start.

MERES SITS AGAIN. WIPES THE WINDOW TO PEER OUT.

Nothing to eat, I suppose?

CALLAN: What?

HE LOOKS UP. BOTH OF THEM ARE TIRED AND ON EDGE. THEY STILL HAVE A LONG ARDUOUS JOURNEY AHEAD.

Breakfast 08.00 hours, Milan.

MERES NODS

MERES: I know. It's all in the file.

PAUSE

How old is this friend of yours?

CALLAN LOOKS AT HIM AGAIN AND THROWS HIS MAP ASIDE, IRRITADLY.

CALLAN: You mean Hunter?

MERES: Call him what you will, old boy. He's still a friend.

CALLAN: Forty-eight; forty-nine. Something like that.

MERES: Young for the job!

CALLAN: If he gets it.

MERES: Whatever that means.

CALLAN: We haven't got him out yet, have we!

THE TRAIN STARTS TO MOVE AGAIN

And he is not a friend, Mate.

MERES SHRUGS

MERES: I just thought Harvey...

CALLAN GLARES AT HIM. MERES SHUTS UP

PAUSE

CALLAN: Anyway, he's got it made.

PAUSE

CALLAN: I reckon he set this whole thing up. One of the things we did in those six months together was crawl up and down the minefield on the Combat Course at Catterick. That and shooting. And he didn't need any help there. He's a natural.

MERES: We're all the same in the top drawer, old boy. It's the grouse.

CALLAN: He chose this spot, the bastard. I'll bet he did. Thought it would be 'fun'. Specially with me there.

MERES: Sounds a hoot.

MERES IS NOW BORED WITH THE WHOLE THING, AND WANTS TO SLEEP AGAIN. HE SETTLES BACK TO DO SO. CALLAN PEERS OUT OF THE WINDOW, THEN LOOKS AT MERES.

CALLAN: Oh, he's a hoot all right. He's a hoot!

7. INT. HARVEY'S OFFICE. MORNING

HARVEY IS STANDING AT HIS WINDOW, GAZING OUT. KNOCK ON THE DOOR. SECRETARY ENTERS, HE TURNS TO HER THEN GOES TO SIT.

SECRETARY: Hunter's secretary has been on the phone, sir. She's had an urgent coded message from Munich.

HE FROWNS

HARVEY: And?

SECRETARY: Apparently Hunter will arrive at the frontier point twenty-four hours early, sir.

HARVEY: What ?

SECRETARY: According to the message.

HARVEY: Blast the man.

SECRETARY: (CONSULTING HER PAD ON WHICH SHE HAD THE MESSAGE WRITTEN) Unavoidable, sir.

HARVEY: (QUIETLY) Yes. I'm sure it was.

PAUSE

Damnation! This means they must be on to him. I can't see why else...Blast! Who the hell can we....?

PAUSE

There's nothing we can do. We can't get at Callan and Meres now.

HE GETS UP AND ALTHOUGH HE HAS NOT LOST CONTROL HE IS QUITE AGITATED AND ANGRY. HE GOES BACK TO THE WINDOW.

HARVEY: You know, every time that department gets involved in anything, there's trouble.

HE LOOKS AT THE SECRETARY

HARVEY: What has she done about the message?

SECRETARY: Acknowledged, sir. That's all. I'm afraid she doesn't know what to do.

HARVEY: Well I can't tell her.

8. INT. SMALL GERMAN CAFE/BAR NIGHT

CALLAN AND MERES, PLATES TO ONE SIDE, DRINKING BEER.

MERES: Not much talent around.

CALLAN GIVES A HALF-HEARTED GLANCE ROUND. LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

CALLAN: I want to go, Toby.

MERES: Now?

CALLAN: Yes.

MERES: It's only twelve kilometres to the frontier. We could walk there and back a dozen times before he's due. Besides which, it's pitch black. We wouldn't see a thing.

CALLAN: All the same mate, I'd like to get started.

MERES: (SHAKES HIS HEAD) I thought we might have a night on the town.

CALLAN: Do you ever think about anything else?

MERES: Not often.

CALLAN: (MOVES TO GO) Come on.

MERES: Look. It's half-an-hour away. Your 'friend' isn't expected till four o'clock tomorrow afternoon. What the hell are we going to do, stuck in a German ditch for eighteen hours?

CALLAN: What we're going to do is get the smell of the place.

MERES: I'd forgotten about your nose.

CALLAN: I want to know every inch of ground, every blade of grass, every tree. And I want to check that file. Everything it says has got to happen; every patrol; every cough.

MERES: All right. All right. Just one more, eh? Then we'll move.

HE SMILES

TELECINE (2)

EXT. EDGE OF MINEFIELD. EARLY MORNING

CALLAN AND MERES HAVE FOUND SHELTER IN A DITCH ON THE EDGE OF THE MINEFIELD. THEY HAVE PARKED A CAR IN SOME TREES BEHIND THEM AND OFF THE ROAD - HARDLY A ROAD, THOUGH IT MIGHT ONCE HAVE BEEN BEFORE THE WAR: NOW DISUSED AND BROKEN AHEAD OF THEM A WIDE BAND OF MUD AND A WIRE FENCE BEYOND THAT, THE MINEFIELD. IT IS A STRETCH OF WASTE LAND, TWO HUNDRED YARDS WIDE. IT IS COVERED IN COARSE GRASS AND SMALL SHRUBS. A MAN COULD ESCAPE NOTICE BY LYING FLAT IN IT. BEYOND THE MINEFIELD IS ANOTHER TRACK ROAD, AND THE EDGE OF A PINE FOREST. TO THEIR RIGHT IS A TALL FIREWATCH TOWER. CALLAN LOOKS AT HIS WATCH. SO DOES MERES.

MERES: Six-thirty.

LONG PAUSE. THEY BOTH LOOK ROUND CAREFULLY. THERE IS NO SIGN OF LIFE. CALLAN HAS A PAIR OF FIELD GLASSES.

CALLAN: If the file is right there should be a patrol in two minutes.

MERES: It's been right all night.

CALLAN: As far as we know.

PAUSE

MERES: What's that?

HE POINTS

CALLAN: What?

MERES: Over there. Low. Square.

CALLAN PANS ROUND AND FINDS THE BUNKER. HE STUDIES IT.

CALLAN: Bunker.

MERES: There they are.

MERES LOOKS TOWARDS THE FAR END OF THE TRACK. THE PATROL IS IN SIGHT. CALLAN PANS ROUND AND WATCHES. A SMALL JEEP-LIKE TRUCK DRIVES SLOWLY ALONG THE ROUGH ROAD. CALLAN GIVES THE GLASSES TO MERES, WHO WATCHES AS THE PATROL PASSES AND DISAPPEARS.

CALLAN: Dead on time.

HE TAKES A PAD FROM HIS POCKET AND CROSSES OFF A DETAIL WRITTEN ON IT.

We'll wait for one more, then I'm off.

MERES: I still don't get the hurry Callan. He's not due till 4.

CALLAN: That's right.

MERES: So!

CALLAN: Look, mate. If you'd rather go across, good luck. I'm not particular.

MERES SAYS NOTHING

CALLAN: Right? (PAUSE) If the chart's accurate I can get across the minefield by mid-day. Then I'll hide out in the bunker.till Hunter arrives.

MERES: While I sit here and pray.

CALLAN: That's right.

9. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. MORNING

IT IS EMPTY. THE SECRETARY ENTERS AND GOES TO THE FILE. THE PHONE RINGS. SHE GOES TO HUNTER'S DESK TO ANSWER IT.

SECRETARY: Yes?...No sir. Nothing.... We couldn't reach them....I will sir. The moment I hear.

SHE PUTS THE PHONE DOWN. LOOKS AT THE DESK. MOVES A FILE ON IT, PURPOSELESSLY. THEN RETURNS TO THE FILING CABINET.

TELECINE (3)

EXT. MINEFIELD, DITCH, ETC. DAY.

THROUGH THE GLASSES PATROL CAN BE SEEN DISAPPEARING.

CALLAN: Right. I'm off.

HE CHECKS HIS POCKETS AND SHOULDER HOLSTER.

MERES:
Got the markers?

CALLAN: Yeah! And if you see anything, give us a whistle.

HE BEGINS TO MOVE OUT OF THE DITCH.

MERES: Dave!

CALLAN LOOKS AT HIM.

Good luck!

PAUSE.

CALLAN: Yeah...

HE GOES. HE DARTS ACROSS THE MUD TO THE EDGE OF THE FIELD THEN, WITH THE SMALL CHART IN HIS HAND, HE SQUATS DOWN TO TAKE HIS BEARINGS ANC CHECK. HAVING DONE SO, HE MOVES FORWARD SLOWLY, CRAWLING. AFTER

A FOOT OR TWO HE TAKES A RED MARKER FROM HIS POCKET (THEY ARE COVERED IN LUMINOUS PAINT SO THAT ANY DIM LIGHT WILL PICK THEM UP AT NIGHT) AND PUSHES IT GENTLY INTO THE GROUND. THEN MOVES ON.
BACK TO MERES.
HE WATCHES THE FAR HORIZON. CHECKS HIS WATCH. IT IS TEN.

BACK TO CALLAN, PROGRESSING. HE HESITATES ONCE OR TWICE, AS STRANGE OBJECTS BLOCK HIS WAY, BUT MOVES ON,

BACK TO MERES, STILL WATCHING, AND SWEATING.

BACK TO CALLAN. HE PUTS HIS HAND FORWARD AND TOUCHES A STONE. FOR A MOMENT HE FREEZES. REALIZES WHAT IT IS. PICKS IT UP IN RELIEF AND HURLS IT ASIDE. THERE IS AN ALMOST IMMEDIATE, THOUGH SMALL EXPLOSION.

BACK TO MERES. HE WHIPS ROUND AT THE NOISE. WAITS A MOMENT. LOOKS CAREFULLY UP AND DOWN THE HORIZON, THEN DARTS TO THE EDGE OF THE FIELD. HE LOOKS FRANTICALLY FOR CALLAN.

CALLAN, EQUALLY CAREFULLY, LIFTS HIS HEAD AND LOOKS BACK. HE SEES MERES WHO IS ONLY A FEW YARDS AWAY AND SIGNALS TO HIM, 'THUMBS UP'. MERES WITHDRAWS, AND RETURNS TO HIS DITCH. HE IS SWEATING QUITE FREELY. HE WIPES HIS BROW WHILE LOOKING ACROSS THE FIELD. SUDDENLY HIS EYE CATCHES A MOVEMENT.

HE LIFTS THE GLASSES AND LOOKS TOWARDS THE BUNKER. THERE APPEARS TO BE A MOVEMENT NEAR THE ENTRANCE. HE WATCHES FOR SOME TIME BUT THERE IS NO FURTHER MOVEMENT. IT MUST HAVE BEEN NOTHING. THERE IS A NOISE OVERHEAD. HE LOOKS UP. HELICOPTER IS SKIRTING THE EDGE OF THE FOREST, MERES WHISTLES.

CALLAN HEARS THE WHISTLE AND THE NOISE. HE STOPS WORKING AND LOOKS UP, CAUTIOUSLY. HE WATCHES THE HELICOPTER. IT PASSES. AFTER A MOMENT HE TURNS CAREFULLY ROUND AND MAKES HIS WAY, FOLLOWING HIS OWN MARKERS, BACK TO MERES.

CALLAN: That's not in the file, is it?

MERES: Doesn't mean anything.

CALLAN: It'd better not.

HE RESTS A MOMENT.

I could do with a fag!

MERES: I thought you didn't.

CALLAN: I don't.

MERES LOOKS AGAIN TOWARDS THE GOODS WAGON. BUT THERE IS NOTHING.

MERES: I thought I saw something over there just now.

CALLAN: Where?

MERES: The bunker. Maybe just a shadow.

HE GIVES CALLAN THE GLASSES. HE TOO LOOKS. BUT THERE APPEARS TO BE NOTHING. CALLAN SHAKES HIS HEAD.

CALLAN: Nothing!

HANDS GLASSES BACK.

MERES: Sorry old boy. Must be seeing things.

CALLAN GETS UP TO GO AGAIN.

CALLAN: Just you stay jumpy, Meres. It's safer.

HE MOVES OFF.

MERES: You okay?

CALLAN: This chart is.

MERES: Didn't think it was just now.

CALLAN GRINS.

CALLAN: No. That was stupid, I was just glad to get rid of it.

HE GOES. MERES WATCHES HIM AS HE DISAPPEARS INTO THE GLASS THEN HE CONSULTS HIS 'TIME-TABLE'.

THE APPROACHING PATROL COMES INTO VIEW. MERES PANS QUICKLY TOWARDS WHERE HE THINKS CALLAN MIGHT BE. THERE IS NO SIGN. HE GOES BACK TO THE PATHOL. IT HAS STOPPED, SOME WAY PAST THE BUNKER. THE GUARDS GET OUT AND STAND LOOKING ABOUT. MERES WHISTLES.

CALLAN, HEARING THE WHISTLE, LOOKS UP, SEES THE PATROL AND WATCHES. AS BEFORE, HE THEN TURNS SLOWLY ROUND AND FOLLOWS HIS TRACK BACK TO MERES.

CALLAN: Something smells, mate.

MERES: It's on the list.

CALLAN: I know. But it doesn't say this happens.

MERES: Look!

HE HANDS CALLAN THE GLASSES.

The bunker.

CALLAN LOOKS AT THE BUNKER. THE DOOR IS NOW CERTAINLY OPEN. A MAN APPEARS. HE CAREFULLY SLINKS OUT AND KEEPING A CAREFUL WATCH DIVES OFF TO THE NEAREST TREES.

CALLAN: That's bloody Ramsay.

10. INT. HARVEY'S OFFICE. DAY.

HARVEY AT HIS DESK. THE SECRETARY STANDING IN FRONT OF HIM HAVING JUST COME IN.

HARVEY: Look, I want you to get onto Munich clearance, will you? See what you can find out about this Hunter business. I can't see for the life of me why he had to leave early, unless they were on to him. And that's unlikely.

SECRETARY: Yes sir.

HARVEY: I don't suppose they'll know anything. And they won't want to tell, even if they do. They love mystery. But do your best.

SECRETARY: Yes sir. I will.

HARVEY: Nothing more from his girl today, I suppose.

SECRETARY: No sir. Nothing.

SHE GOES.

TELECINE (4)

EXT. MINEFIELD. DITCH. ETC. DAY.

CALLAN AND MERES WATCHING. THE GUARDS GET BACK INTO THEIR TRUCK AND DRIVE ALONG. THEY STOP AGAIN BY THE BUNKER. ONE OF THEM GETS OUT, GOES TO IT, SLINGS OPEN THE DOOR, GOES IN, COMES OUT AGAIN, RETURNS TO THE TRUCK. THEY DRIVE OFF.

CALLAN: We're in trouble, mate. I know it.

MERES: Either he's come out early or we've got the wrong information.

CALLAN: He's early all right. They must have rumbled him, or something. They know he's gone and they've got an idea which way. I'm off back. The sooner I'm across there the better.

MERES: Right. I'll get the rifle.

CALLAN GOES BACK TO THE MINEFIELD, CAREFULLY WORKING HIS WAY INTO POSITION. MERES LEAVES THE DITCH AND GOES TO THE CAR. HE TAKES OUT A CAREFULLY WRAPPED BUT DISMANTLED RIFLE AND TELESCOPIC SIGHT. HE GOES BACK TO THE DITCH TO ASSEMBLE IT.

CALLAN WORKS ON.

MERES PUTS GUN DOWN. LOOKS AT WATCH, HE CHECKS LIST. HE PANS THE HORIZON CAREFULLY. NOTHING.

CALLAN WORKS ON. WITHOUT REALIZING HE HAS REACHED THE EDGE OF THE FIELD. SUDDENLY THERE IS GRAVEL, DIRT AND A ROUGH ROAD TRACK. HE LOOKS UP CAREFULLY. THEN TURNS TO LOOK BACK TOWARDS MERES.

MERES SPOTS HIM THROUGH THE GLASSES. PUTS THE GLASSES DOWN. CAN STILL SEE HIM, QUITE CLEARLY. AT THE SAME MOMENT, MERES HEARS THE HELOCOPTER AGAIN.

CALLAN ALSO HEARS IT AND DIVES BACK INTO THE FIELD. THE PLANE PASSES. WHEN IT HAS GONE CALLAN MAKES A SUDDEN DASH FOR THE BUNKER. HE SLIDES BACK THE DOOR, CLAMBERS IN, THEN LOOKS BACK TO MERES AND WAVES. HE THEN CLOSES THE DOOR, LEAVING A GAP WIDE ENOUGH TO PEER THROUGH.

11. INT. HARVEY'S OFFICE. DAY.

HARVEY AT HIS WINDOW AGAIN. SECRETARY KNOCKS AND WALKS IN. HE TURNS TO HER.

SECRETARY: Nothing much,sir, I'm afraid. Munich just got the message yesterday. They don't even know where from. But there is some sort of search going on along the frontier.

HARVEY: I see. Is it localised, do they know?

SECRETARY: Yes sir. Ten miles either side of where Callan and Meres are.

HE TURNS BACK TO THE WINDOW. PAUSE.

Anything else I can do, sir?

HARVEY: What makes the whole thing worse is having met them. Poor devils.

END OF PART TWO.

PART THREE

12. INT. BUNKER. DAY.

CALLAN IS SITTING IN A CORNER. THERE IS A CHINK OF LIGHT COMING THROUGH THE PARTIALLY OPEN DOOR AND A CERTAIN AMOUNT COMING THROUGH VENTILATION SLITS IN THE WALL HIGH ALONG THE TRACK SIDE. HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH. THEN CHECKS HIS PAD. SILENCE.
THEN A SCRAPE, AS IF SOMEONE HAS BRUSHED AGAINST THE BUNKER. CALLAN TAKES HIS GUN. A HAND COMES ROUND THE DOOR AND BEGINS TO PULL IT OPEN. CALLAN SWIFTLY CROUCHES INTO A FIRING POSITION. THE DOOR OPENS. RAMSAY LOOKS IN. BEAMING. CALLAN MOVES SWIFTLY FORWARD. GRABS HIM. PULLS HIM IN. CLOSES THE DOOR AGAIN.

HUNTER: Thanks. (THEY LOOK CLOSELY AT EACH OTHER) Glad you've arrived, Callan! How are you?

CALLAN: I'm fine sir. Fine. Thanks. What goes on?

HUNTER: I'm not sure. Probably the landlady. I told her I was leaving. The news spread. Comes of being honest.

CALLAN FROWNS.

The moment 'you do something the slightest bit out of the ordinary they get curious. In my case they were justified.

CALLAN: I'm sorry, sir. I don't understand. But there isn't time to talk about it. There's another patrol due in ten minutes. When that's gone, we scarper.

HUNTER: Across the minefield?

CALLAN: Yes sir, That's right.

HUNTER: Like old times, eh! What's all this 'sir' business?

CALLAN: (WHO IS WATCHING AT THE DOOR, TURNS TO HIM A MOMENT) Sir?

HUNTER: If anything, it should be the other way round.

CALLAN: You're in charge now, sir. Mr. Hunter.

HUNTER: (SMILES) Well maybe. But not until we get across the other side. Then we'll see.

CALLAN: Yes sir.

HUNTER: Was that you this morning, blowing yourself up?

CALLAN: Yes. One of those idiotic things. I was so glad I hadn't blown myself to bits, I nearly did.

PAUSE.

CALLAN: (CONT/D) How long've you been here?

HUNTER: I came out twenty-four hours early. No alternative. Just had to hope they wouldn't find out too soon. I tried to get a message to you.

CALLAN: We wouldn't know about that. We've been two day's travelling.

HUNTER: That's cautious.

CALLAN: You know us, sir. (CALLAN STIFFENS) The patrol's coming now. (HUNTER JOINS HIM BY THE DOOR) Let's hope they don't stop here. They did this morning!

HUNTER: I know. I was ten yards away. (PAUSE) I shouldn't think they will. They're not very thorough chaps. There's an escape scare at least once a month. No one takes them all that seriously now. Thank God.

TELECINE (5)

EXT. MINEFIELD. DITCH ETC. DAY.

MERES WATCHES AS THE PATROL APPROACHES THE BUNKER AND PASSES. BUT HE THEN SEES A FORESTRY TRUCK COMING FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION. THE PATROL TRUCK PULLS OFF THE TRACK TO LET THE LARGER VEHICLE PASS. THEY BOTH STOP. THEN THE FORESTRY TRUCK MOVES ON AGAIN. AND STOPS NEAR THE BUNKER. THE PATROL TRUCK TURNS ROUND AND FOLLOWS THE FORESTRY TRUCK. A FORESTER GETS OUT OF HIS TRUCK. THE TWO GUARDS GET OUT OF THEIRS. THEY STAND TALKING. THEN THEY WALK TO THE BUNKER, AND STAND BY IT AGAIN TALKING. MERES PUTS DOWN THE GLASSES AND TAKES UP THE RIFLE. HE AIMS FOR ONE OF THE MEN: WHICHEVER APPEARS TO BE THE FIRST TO MAKE A MOVE TOWARDS THE DOOR.

13. INT. BUNKER. DAY.

CALLAN, HIS GUN AT THE READY, AND HUNTER STAND BEHIND THE DOOR. TRYING NOT TO EVEN BREATHE. THEY HEAR THE GERMANS TALKING. THEIR FEET CAN BE SEEN THROUGH THE SLITS.

1ST VOICE: (GERMAN) No. Only you.

2ND VOICE: (GERMAN) No strangers?

1ST VOICE: No.

TELECINE (6)

EXT. MINEFIELD. DITCH. ETC. DAY.

MERES WATCHES.

THE THREE MEN EVENTUALLY BREAK AWAY FROM THE BUNKER.
THE GUARDS RETURN TO THEIR PATROL TRUCK AND DRIVE OFF. THE FORESTRY MAN THEN WALKS TO THE FIRE TOWER AND CLIMBS IT.

14. INT. BUNKER. DAY

HUNTER AND CALLAN, BOTH SWEATING, LOOK AT EACH OTHER. HUNTER GRINS.

HUNTER: They keep you on your toes, don't they?

CALLAN GIVES HUNTER A DIRTY LOOK.

CALLAN: I can't see where that other feller's got to.

HUNTER: Forestry, wasn't he?

CALLAN: Looked like it. What were they saying?

HUNTER: Oh they wanted to know if he's seen any strangers, that's all.

CALLAN DESPERATELY TRIES TO SEE OUT BUT CANNOT. HE THEN GENTLY, SLOWLY AND VERY QUIETLY, OPENS THE DOOR WIDER, LOOKS OUT.

TELECINE (7)

HE SEES THE FORESTER AT HIS TOWER.

14a. INT. BUNKER. DAY

HUNTER: Are we off?

CALLAN: Just a minute.

HUNTER: Where is he?

CALLAN: Up the watch-tower.

HUNTER: Oh, that won't take long. They only pop up for a few minutes just to check there's no fire.

CALLAN: We'll stay here then.

HUNTER: He won't be looking in our direction.

CALLAN: All the same, we'll stay.

TELECINE (8)
EXT. MINEFIELD. DITCH ETC. DAY

MERES CHECKS HIS WATCH

MERES: Come on Callan. It's half-past.

15. INT. HARVEY'S OFFICE. DAY

HARVEY AT HIS DESK LOOKS UP AT CLOCK
ON THE WALL. 4.30. HE THINKS A MOMENT,
THEN RESUMES HIS WORK.

16. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY

SECRETARY IN THE MAIN OFFICE.
NOT DOING ANYTHING SPECIFIC.
JUST AIMLESSLY TIDYING AND CLOCK-WATCHING.

17. INT. BUNKER. DAY

HUNTER AND CALLAN.

HUNTER: It's half-past four Callan.
We'd better move.

TELECINE (9)
EXT. MINEFIELD AND DITCH ETC. DAY

MERES SEES TWO PATROL TRUCKS COMING FROM
TOTALLY UNEXPECTED DIRECTION.
HE CHECKS HIS LIST QUICKLY. REACTS.
HE IS HELPLESS.

18. INT. BUNKER. DAY

HUNTER AND CALLAN

CALLAN: I think we'd better wait for the dark, sir.

HUNTER: That's another three or four hours, Callan. I'm not sure that's a good idea. (SUDDENLY CALLAN PULLS THE DOOR TO) He coming down?

CALLAN: Two more patrol cars.

HUNTER: Two?

CALLAN: They're certainly after something, sir.

HUNTER: Aren't they!

TELECINE (10)
EXT. MINEFIELD, DITCH ETC. DAY

MERES WATCHES THE TWO VEHICLES.
THEY STOP SHORT OF THE BUNKER,
NO ONE GETS OUT.
MERES PUTS DOWN HIS GLASSES.
TAKES THE RIFLE.
LEAVES THE DITCH AND DASHES TO THE FIELD,
KEEPING VERY LOW. HE FINDS THE POINT AT
WHICH CALLAN ENTERED THEN CRAWLS SLOWLY
ALONG, FOLLOWING THE MARKERS.

19. INT. BUNKER. DAY

HUNTER NOW SITTING IN CORNER,
CALLAN CROUCHING NEAR DOOR.

HUNTER: What are they up to?

PAUSE

HE MOVES TO STAND NEAR CALLAN.

HUNTER: (SMILES) What happened to...

CALLAN: Your predecessor? He got shot. Ten days ago.

HUNTER: Oh! Bad luck.

CALLAN: (THIS TIME TYPICALLY MOCKING) Yes sir. That's what we all thought.

HUNTER: Damn shame. (CALLAN NODS) I was quite enjoying Leipzig.

CALLAN: Yes?

HUNTER: I've been running a sports shop, among other things. Good fun really. They're very keen.

CALLAN: Bully for them.

HE IS REALLY MORE CONCERNED WITH WHAT'S GOING ON OUTSIDE TO TAKE TOO MUCH INTEREST IN THIS, TO HIM, INANE CONVERSATION.

TELECINE (11)

EXT. MINEFIELD ETC. DAY

ONE OF THE TRUCKS DRIVES ON, SUDDENLY, PASSING THE BUNKER BUT A HUNDRED YARDS FURTHER ON IT STOPS AGAIN. ONE OF THE GUARDS GET OUT AND GOES OFF INTO THE TREES HUNTER HAD MADE FOR EARLIER IN THE DAY. MEANTIME THE DRIVER TURNS THE TRUCK ROUND.

20. INT. BUNKER. DAY

HUNTER BACK IN HIS CORNER.

CALLAN: That's one lot gone.

HUNTER: Thank God for that. (PAUSE) You know, I'm really quite scared.

CALLAN: We're all scared sometimes. But blimey, I couldn't've stood Leipzig. I mean, that's trouble every day. For five years. At least I can go home sometimes. And it is home.

HUNTER: There comes a time, you know, when you suddenly forget all about what you're really doing. You forget about spying and codes and all that rubbish. You just become a chap who runs a sports shop in Leipzig. (PAUSE) You've never been involved in that end of it, have you?

CALLAN: No. Not really.

HUNTER: It's odd when you start making friends. A girl here and there. Very strange. You know, it's just like being at home. You don't want the neighbours to know. All that. Or you get invited into people's homes for dinner. You get involved in their private life. Their thoughts. Ambitions. Their dreams. And you know, quite frankly, I always got a kick out of knowing that I wasn't what they all thought I was. If you see what I mean.

CALLAN: Yeah! (PAUSE) They're smoking, now.

HUNTER GETS UP AGAIN.
MOVES TO LOOK OUT.

HUNTER: Looks as if we shall have to wait till dark.

21. INT. HARVEY'S OFFICE. EVENING.

HARVEY AT HIS DESK.
HIS SECRETARY, LOOKING ESPECIALLY MIDDLE-AGED AND PROPER IN HER HAT AND COAT, AT THE DOOR.

HARVEY: Why the hell haven't we heard yet? (LOOK UP) You've plugged the phone through, have you?

SECRETARY: I have sir. Yes.

HARVEY: Good. (PAUSE)

SECRETARY: It's only seven o'clock, sir. There's still time.

HARVEY: Time! We should've heard by five.

SECRETARY: They may have been held up, sir.

HE GIVES HER A FILTHY LOOK.

HARVEY: Let's hope that's all it is!

SECRETARY: Yes. Goodnight Mr. Harvey.

HARVEY: Goodnight. And give my wife a ring before you go, will you. Tell her I'm going to be late home.

SHE GOES.
HE SITS BACK, TWIDDLING WITH A PENCIL.

22. INT. BUNKER. EVENING.

CALLAN STILL AT DOOR.
HUNTER IN CORNER AGAIN.

CALLAN: They're moving. (HUNTER GOES TO JOIN HIM) They're going back the way they came. They must have been expecting something.

HUNTER: And the forestry man?

CALLAN: Hang on. (PAUSE) Gone.

HE PEERS AWKWARDLY.

HUNTER: Good.

CALLAN: Could have been a coincidence.

HUNTER: These chaps don't prowl up and down here unless they have to Callan. They're far too important.

CALLAN: They're only like coppers aren't they?

HUNTER: To be a copper in a police state is to be a bossman. And the world goes the way you want it to.

CALLAN: Yeah! I suppose so.

HUNTER: Believe me. They know I'm around somewhere. They'll be back.

CALLAN: Right then. (HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH. CHECKS HIS PAD) You fit? (HUNTER GIVES HIM AN ENCOURAGING NOD) Good.

HE SLOWLY BEGINS TO OPEN THE DOOR, BUT WITH VERY GREAT CAUTION.

CALLAN INCHES THE DOOR OPEN A LITTLE FURTHER.

TELECINE (12)

EXT. MINEFIELD AND DITCH. NIGHT

MERES IS NOW HALF WAY ACROSS THE MINEFIELD.
HE IS CROUCHING IN A FIRING POSITION.
RIFLE AT THE READY, WATCHING THE BUNKER
AND THE FRONTIER GUARD WHO IS LEANING
AGAINST HIS PATROL VEHICLE SOME HUNDRED
YRADS FROM IT.
IT IS NOW QUITE DUSK BUT LIGHT ENOUGH
FOR US TO SEE CALLAN AS HE COMES OUT
OF THE BUNKER.
QUICKLY FOLLOWED BY HUNTER. BUT
CALLAN BUNDLES HUNTER ROUND THE END
OF THE BUNKER, FAST.
AT THIS MOMENT, THE SECOND GUARD
RETURNS.
THE TWO GUARDS, HEARING A NOISE FROM
THE BUNKER, HAVE QUICKLY ALERTED AND
ARE NOW MOVING TOWARDS IT.
THEY DIVIDE, ONE TO EACH SIDE OF IT.

CALLAN AND HUNTER WAIT. FROZEN.
CALLAN HAS HIS GUN. HUNTER IS UNARMED.

MERES STARTS TO CRAWL FORWARD, AS QUICKLY
AS HE CAN FIND THE MARKERS.

THE TWO GUARDS APPROACH THE BUNKER.

MERES MAKES THE EDGE OF THE FIELD, DASHES
FOR THE PATROL TRUCK AND PRESSES ON THE
HOOTER, SHOUTING. THE GUARDS TURN.
IN THAT MOMENT CALLAN AND HUNTER RUN
FOR THE TREES A FEW YARDS AWAY. THE
GUARDS TURN AGAIN, ONE FIRING. AND
TURN AGAIN TO FIRE AT MERES. BUT BY NOW

HE HAS STARTED THE MOTOR AND DRIVES
FURIOUSLY AT THEM BEFORE THEY CAN
REALLY TAKE PROPER AIM.
THEY HURRIEDLY JUMP ASIDE.

A LITTLE WAY DOWN THE TRACK MERES
STOPS, JUMPS OUT AND DASHES INTO THE TREES.

THE TWO GUARDS CHECK THAT THE BUNKER
IS QUITE EMPTY. THEN GO SLOWLY
TOWARDS THE WOODS, ONE BEHIND THE OTHER.

IN THE TREES, HUNTER AND CALLAN WATCH
THE MEN APPROACH. CALLAN INDICATES
THAT HUNTER SHOULD MOVE AWAY, KEEP A
FAIR DISTANCE BETWEEN THEM.
AS THE MEN MOVE TOWARDS CALLAN'S
LEFT HE AND HUNTER MOVE RIGHT,
HOPING EVENTUALLY TO BE ABLE TO
MAKE A CLEAR DASH FOR THE FIELD,
WITH THE BUNKER PROVIDING SOME
COVER ON THE WAY.

THERE IS A SLIGHT NOISE BEHIND.
CALLAN HARDLY DARES TO TURN.
BUT IT IS MERES WHO HAS CREPT ROUND
THROUGH THE TREES TO FIND THEM.

SUDDENLY ONE OF THE GUARDS SWITCHES ON
A TORCH. IT IS NOT FAR AWAY. CALLAN FIRES.
THE TORCH GOES OUT AND THERE IS A GRUNT
AS THE MAN FALLS.

SILENCE

AFTER A MOMENT OR TWO, CALLAN, HUNTER AND MERES MOVE AGAIN TO THEIR RIGHT, UNTIL THEY ARE ALMOST OPPOSITE THE POINT OF ENTRY TO THE FIELD, WHICH HE CAN JUST SEE, AND A PIECE OF SCRUB.

CALLAN INDICATES TO TOBY THAT HE SHOULD GO FIRST. HE DOES. MAKING A QUIET, EFFICIENT BREAK TO THE FIELD AND THROWING HIMSELF FLAT. HE THEN MAKES SURE IT IS THE RIGHT SPOT.

HUNTER SOON FOLLOWS.

THEN CALLAN.

THE REMAINING GUARD HEARS CALLAN GO AND TURNS TO SHOOT HAPHAZARDLY WITH HIS FAST-FIRING RIFLE BUT HE HAS NO REAL SENSE OF THE DIRECTION OF MOVEMENT AND FIRES FOR THE MOST PART INTO THE WOODS.

CALLAN, HUNTER AND MERES BEGIN THE SLOW, DANGEROUS CRAWL BACK THROUGH THE MINEFIELD IN THE DARK.

THE EXPECTED PATROL DRIVES SLOWLY ALONG THE ROAD. IT REACHES THE POINT OF ENTRY WHEN THE THREE ARE MORE THAN HALF WAY ACROSS.
THERE THE REMAINING GUARD STOPS IT AND TELLS HIS COLLEAGUES WHAT HAS HAPPENED. THEY TURN THEIR TRUCK TOWARDS THE FIELD, SWITCH ON THE LIGHTS AND BEGIN FIRING THERE ARE SEVERAL LOUD EXPLOSIONS, AS ODD MINES GO OFF.

HUNTER, CALLAN AND MERES REACH SAFETY.
THE FIRING AND BANGING CEASES.

HUNTER STANDS TO LOOK BACK,
THEN TURNS TO THE OTHERS.

HUNTER: Well done you chaps.

MERES: All in a day's work, sir.

CALLAN: By the way, sir, this is Toby Meres - John Ramsay.

THEY GO TOWARDS THE CAR

HUNTER: (SHAKES MERES' HAND. SMILES) Hunter.

CALLAN: I don't know about you, Toby, but I've had it. Will you drive, sir?

END